I told him some of this. He said it must bring back a lot of memories. It will bring back even more now that he's become a memory too. He's joined my permanently dysfunctional family. His pictures will go into one of those albums Barrie said I'd never sell.

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Adam and Gladys used to cruise the women passing by in front of the house. They would park their cars in the little front yard that had been paved with cobblestones so our maintenance man wouldn't have to cut the grass. Gladys had a sports car that she never let the tenants ride in. She was afraid of contagion. Adam's little car was virtually our taxi. Needless to say, the company was too cheap to provide us with a car. Gladys and Adam would stand and smoke beside their respective vehicles. They kept a leisured gaze on the sidewalk for the right woman. She'd have had to be bisexual.

I knew when she passed. Gladys smiled with her teeth. Adam reacted rather like a pointer dog, following her progress with his head. Sometimes he followed her with his whole body. He'd say, take me home with you. If I was sitting on the steps next door, and I usually was, he'd wonder aloud how Norm could just sit there. It was obvious.

There was something very human about it all. A man and a